The Military Duke and the Millionaire Miss, page 1851.

Modern Life

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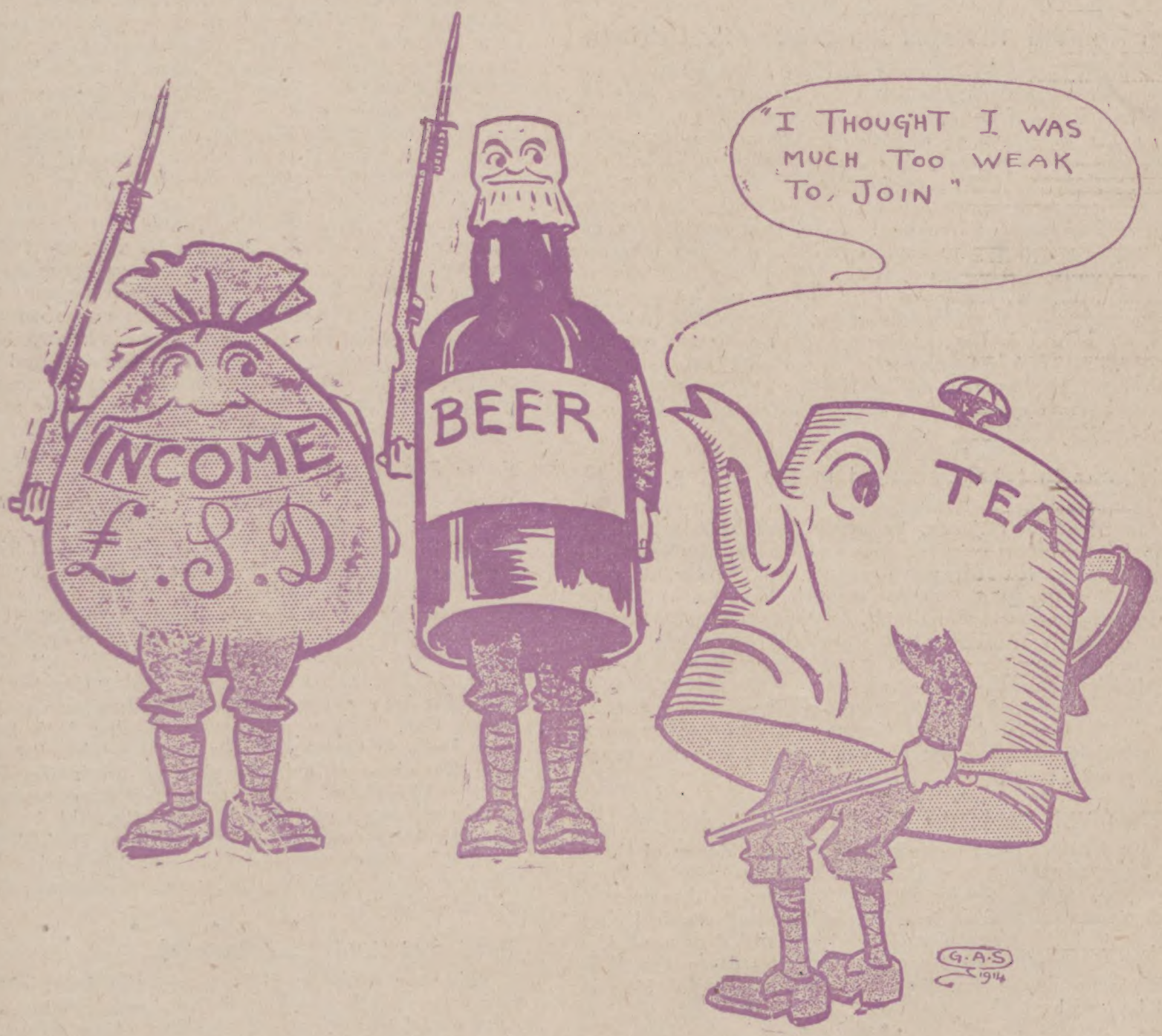

DOING THEIR DUTY.

Modern Life

No. 82. Week ending November 28. One Penny.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Two Hundred Thousand Jap Soldiers for Belgium.

Poor old Germany. She *is* in for it, and no mistake. I hear on an authority which I dare not divulge that as soon as complete tranquility has descended upon Kiau-Chau the Emperor of Japan is sending two hundred thousand Japanese troops to the assistance of little Belgium. Then the Lord help the poor little boys and grey-headed old men whom the Kaiser is hurling on to the Allies' lines west of Brussels! Now, this grand plan of the Mikado also explains another rumour which I heard the other day in a high quarter. Whatever happens in Belgium, I hear, Sir John French does not propose to make any very considerable advance from his present line. The idea is that his troops shall entrench for the winter, and emerge fit and well for a violent co-operation with Lord Kitchener's million in the spring, when the campaign will speedily find itself transferred to German territory.

* * *

Kitchener to take Command in the Spring.

Then, I hear, Lord Kitchener will go out in command of his grand new Army, by which time Russia will be probably within a hundred miles of Berlin, and the German people will begin to snivel for peace at any price. France in the meantime will hold on to Alsace and Lorraine like grim death, content so long as she is sure of recovering her lost provinces when the peace comes. As for the British Navy, their plan is to do absolutely nothing, so long as the green grass continues to grow all round the German warships in the Baltic. We don't want to sink any German battleships; we want to get them intact when the moment for handing them over comes.

* * *

"Then Will Come the End!"

And we shall get them all right. Also a dozen of those lovely prizes which are choking the docks in New York Harbour. All of them will come our way in due course, and when the Kaiser has lost everything worth living for, and Lord Curzon realises his little dream of the lances of the Bengal Lancers fluttering down the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, then will come the end. May it not be long!

* * *

When Silly Bill is Fired.

"Who will get the Imperial crown of Germany when the Kaiser's family are pitchforked?" Nobody. Because there won't be any Imperial crown of Germany. One of the articles of the Treaty of Dresden will provide for the absolute dissolution of the present Germanic Confederation. If you mean, Who will get the crown of Prussia? well, I don't mind telling you that a very strong runner-up for that important piece of headgear is no other than King Manoel. Anyway, when his ex-Portuguese Majesty lunched with the King last week they were saying in the St. James's Club that it was all practically fixed up, and that that was why the King will not allow Manoel to go to Belgium.

* * *

Portugal's ex-King as Sovereign in Prussia.

You see, Manoel's wife is a princess of the Hohenzollern family, who must be given the Prussian throne if the Berlin lot are summarily ejected. Probably a Regent will be put into the Palace in Berlin for a couple of years, when, if everything goes along smoothly, a new monarch for Prussia will be provided. In this case it would be a Queen, namely, King Manoel's wife, who is the eldest daughter of the Prince of Hohenzollern, and was born and brought up at Sigmaringen, where the offslighted Roman Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern family haye lived for centuries. They, of course, have no love for their Berlin relations, while the advancement of this senior branch of the House of Hohenzollern to the Prussian throne might have the extraordinary result of ultimately placing a very beloved English Prince and Princess in Berlin as King and Queen of Prussia.

* * *

The Connaughts come into the Prussian Succession.

This is no other than Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. For Prince Arthur is himself the only son of a Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and should the present portents pan out, and Prussia be provided with a Queen from Fulwell Park, Twickenham, it would mean the abrogation of the Salic Law in Prussia, so that Queen Augusta Victoria, King Manoel's wife, could reign, with King Manoel as her Consort. In that case Prince Arthur's mother, the Duchess of Connaught, would herself be eligible for the Prussian throne, and her son after her, if King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria fail to provide Berlin with a Crown Prince.

Anyway, King Manoel's wife is a vastly more queenly woman than the Berlin ladies, and when she went to Buckingham Palace the other Monday afternoon, after cheering the Canadians in the Lord Mayor's Show, she looked as if the Palace contained the greatest friend she has in the world. So you may safely surmise that Queen Augusta Victoria as Sovereign in Prussia is more than a potentiality.

* * *

Some Prophecy!

Two months ago I gave readers of MODERN LIFE the secret history of the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, and explained how and why Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne was dished. Incidentally I added, "And God help his Holiness the Sultan of Turkey if Sir Berkeley Milne is ever called upon to bombard 'Constant,' a contingency, I may add, which is about the most likely thing to happen within the realm of probabilities." Well, Sir Berkeley Milne has not bombarded "Constant," it is true, for he came home, and his ships were sent up the North Sea. But no one on September 19th last could have foreseen that the Turks would pitchfork themselves into the abyss of ruin by shelling an inoffensive town on the Black Sea. Nor could they have foreseen that within a couple of months Britain would be storming Turkish fortresses in Syria, or sinking Turkish cruisers. So the bombardment of "Constant" has indeed proved the "most likely thing to happen within the realms of probabilities."

* * *

Passing of the Pets of Society.

This war seems as if it meant the doom of some of our venerable families, and the Annesley clan, anyway, seem fated to extinction. The first officer to go down as the result of the ultimatum of August 4th was Captain Arthur Annesley, of the Rifle Brigade, who was so distracted at being refused an opportunity of serving his country at the front after presenting himself to his depot at Winchester, that he went out and bought a revolver with the intention of ending his career, but flung himself

beneath a van, and ended miserably. Now young Earl Annesley has gone to his death in a flying machine, leaving a charming young widow, and the earldom to a remote relation, descended from that third Earl who made such a miserable match with one of the second Earl of Howth's daughters, and subsequently married Priscilla Cecilia Moore, who was to be followed at Castlewellan half-a-century later by another Priscilla Cecilia Moore, who is today the beautiful pet of Society so well known as "Priscilla Countess."

* * *

How Lord Annesley Lost His Eye.

Young Lord Annesley had not had time to "make a name" for himself, but, like most of his family, he was always looking for trouble, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. The King liked him well, and found him quite a jolly crony for a boy in his twenties when they rode together across Newmarket Heath last October twelvemonth. Nothing deterred Francis Annesley when "his blood was up." When offered a petty indignity by a townsman at Cambridge he snatched hold of the fellow's stick, and defiantly broke it across his knee.

* * *

Not "An Eye for an Eye" with Lord Annesley.

The pleb. at once struck his Lordship across the face with another stick, and in the scuffle that followed Lord Annesley had his right eye gouged clean out. But, being the man he was, he refused to allow any efforts to be made to discover the identity of his assailant, and admitted that he aroused the fellow's temper to bursting point. We are deeply sorry for Lady Annesley. She is one of a score of noble war-widows who will have the empire's sympathy.

* * *

Compensation for the Best of Husbands.

Lady Annesley will have a lovely place in County Down for the rest of her life, and as she has "pots of money" (being the daughter of a very rich Derbyshire colliery-proprietor), she will have much to compensate her for the loss of one of the best of husbands. Lady Annesley nearly lost her spouse in Mombassa less than a year or so ago. His father, the late Earl, did good work in the Crimea, where he was wounded, and as all the family are in the Army, with a few solitary exceptions, it was natural enough that the late young Earl should want to "do his bit" in his country's crisis.

* * *

A Family of Only Sons.

A dozen other members of his family are doing theirs, including the two sons of the head of the Annesley family, Viscount Valentia, M.P. The Annesleys are generally a family of only sons, and the dead Earl, who had no brothers, is succeeded by an only son, who has an only son as his next heir. Lord Valentia is an only son, as also was that unlucky ex-captain of the Rifle Brigade, who fell so ingloriously as a result of the declaration of war four months ago, and upon whom the coroner conferred the epitaph "a brave man." And poor Lord Annesley's sister, Lady Mabel, has had but one son during her ten years of married life with Gerald Sowerby.

* * *

Lady Annabel O'Neill's Husband.

Another romantic war-widow who will have much Royal and noble commiseration is Lady Annabel O'Neill, whose gallant husband has fallen in the war in France only three weeks after getting to the fighting-line. Captain O'Neill was heir to his father, Lord O'Neill, who was the lucky son of a parson of noble lineage, and cousin of the then Marquis of Donegall, who happened also to be heir-general to the estates of the last of the Lords O'Neill, an old family who descended from one of the Kings of Ireland of a misty era.

Parson Will Chichester, on coming into the O'Neill properties, changed his name to O'Neill, and married two ladies in one family (that of Torrens), and left the present peer as his heir. Lord O'Neill is one of our contented backwoodsmen, and, having "married high," is known only in County Antrim and Queen's Gate. Lady O'Neill is one of the daughters of the late eleventh Earl of Dundonald, and her now-deceased eldest son's union with the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Crewe was a real-life romance. I never think of Lord Crewe or his kin without recalling another romance of not so many years ago.

The Girl he left behind him.

* * *

The Military Duke and the Millionaire Miss.

Everybody still remembers the famous Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the heiress of the millionaire Coutts family. The Baroness used to say that she liked Lord Houghton (Lord Crewe's father), because he never proposed to her. Even the Duke of Wellington had been willing to make her his wife if she had cared for him, though the Duke denied it. When he heard the report that he had proposed, and been refused, he said, "I said Miss Coutts *deserved* to be a duchess, not that I would make her one." But when they told this version of the story to Miss Coutts, she calmly replied, "I think the Duke should have said '*could*,' not would."

"Could See a Proposal Coming!"

Anyway, Lord Houghton never proposed to the rich maiden, although all the young men of good family did. Miss Coutts's companion (Mrs. Brown) used to say that she could "see a proposal coming," and always took herself away for ten minutes. But she only went into the next room, and left the door open, and when the proposal had been coyly but politely declined, Miss Coutts would cough, and Mrs. Brown would return to the apartment. Lord Crewe had some of his father's cynical disregard of fortune in his earlier days. When he was Lord Houghton, and Viceroy in Dublin, he went on a visit to his dead wife's cousin, Hermione Duchess of Leinster. Taking a walk at Carton one Sunday afternoon, his Excellency passed through a gate first, leaving the injured Duchess to follow him. "That," said the handsome Duchess, "the Prince of Wales would not have done." "Probably not," said the future Leader of the Radical Peers, "but, you see, *I* represent the Queen."

* * *

Lord Saye and Sele Restored to Royal Favour.

As I remarked about a fortnight ago, no Royal feuds or family jars are allowed to interfere with the smooth working of the Court of St. James. So it happened that when, amongst the great crowd of courtiers at the opening of Parliament, I espied Lord Saye and Sele in one of the Royal coaches, I was not surprised. That an officer who had been denounced in Parliament for "ungentlemanly conduct" in connection with an Army canteen contract should figure in a Royal State procession to Parliament is a keen tribute to that wonderful magnanimity and kindliness of feeling which has always characterised King George the Fifth. His Majesty, as I have so often remarked, is full of the milk of human kindness, and he has a very blind eye for the defects of others, so long as their good points are obvious. I hope to see Lord Saye and Sele figuring on the footsteps of the Throne for many years to come.

The dog with no pedigree (to pure-bred Dalmatian): "'Ullo! Been lending yourself for target practice in the country's cause?"

Germany's One Gentleman.

Hail to Commander von Muller! We are glad to know that Germany has produced one gentleman (of a sort) anyway. Though we don't like the way he brought off his last *coup* by the misuse of the Japanese flag, yet, for an officer of the Kaiser's, Von Muller has been almost civilised, and may, in his time, have heard of the Hague Conference, and how honourable warfare should be conducted among white peoples. I am very glad, too, that young William of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, King Manoel's brother-in-law, now stands forth as the one German Royal prince who knows how to play the war game after the manner of British chivalry. At the same time, let us not lose our heads in wild admiration for Commander von Muller. So far as I can see, he only played "the gentleman" when there was nothing to be gained by any other course. But as soon as he ran a little risk, he was as ready to "do the dirty" on his foe as any swashing Uhlan hooligan in Belgium.

* * *

Von Muller's idea of "Chivalry."

Take, for instance, the lives which he caused to be lost in the aforesaid "last exploit." On October 28 the *Emden* sneaked quietly into the roadstead at Penang, in the Straits Settlement. Having rigged up a dummy funnel (which, of course, she was entitled to do), she was able to come in without exciting suspicion that she was a German boat, while overhead she *flew the Japanese flag!* Lying at anchor in the roadstead was the Russian light cruiser *Jemtchug*, a vessel of 3,100 tons, and the French destroyer *Mousquet*. Suddenly the *Emden* hauled down the Japanese flag, up went the German colours, and within ten seconds two torpedoes from the *Emden* crashed into the Russian cruiser, and down she went, with all her crew! Now, where is the alleged "heroism" of Commander von Muller? A dirtier trick than that no British naval officer has ever been guilty of. In God's name let us hear no more rubbish about the "chivalry" of Commander von Muller.

* * *

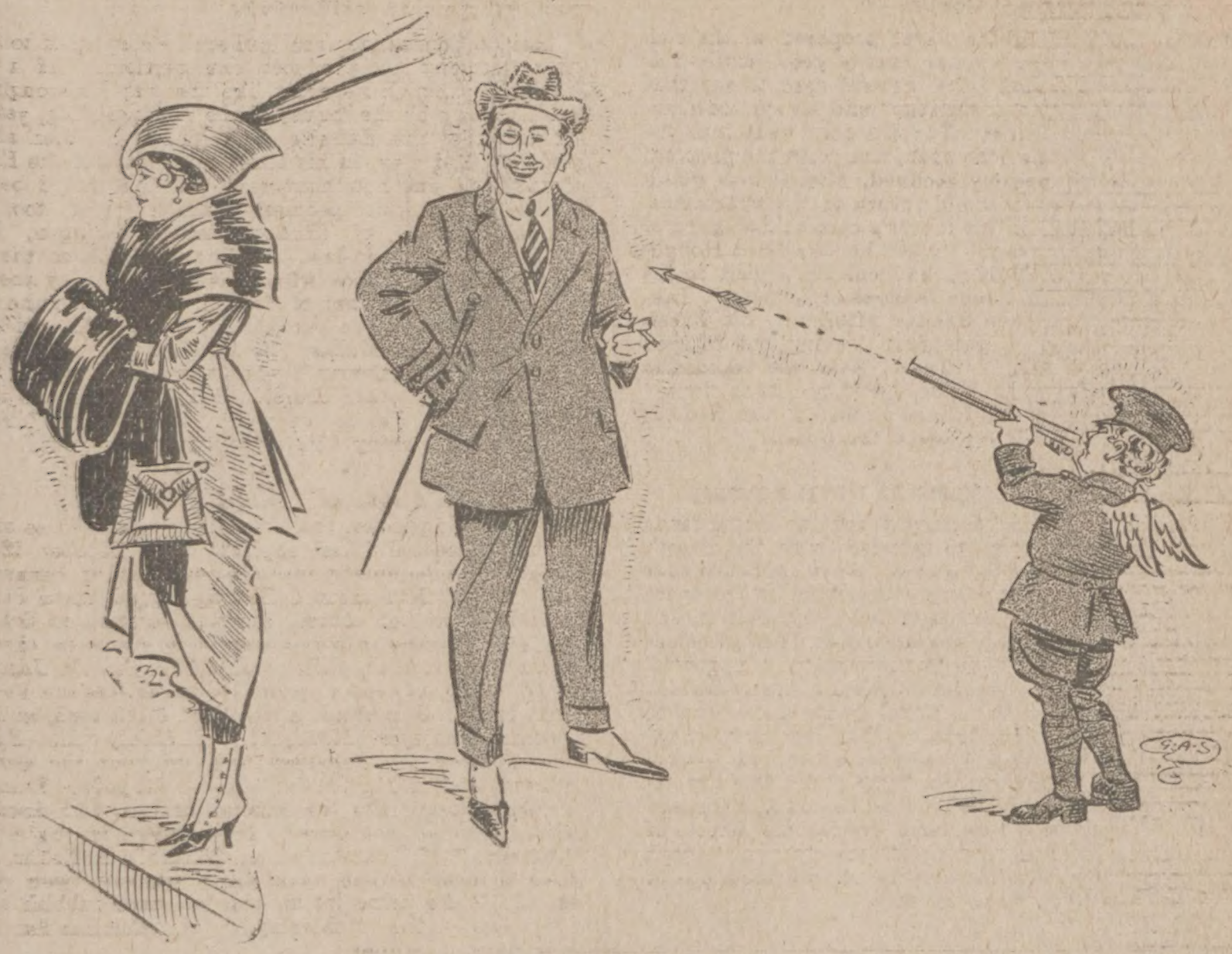
The Modern and the "Good Old Days."

One of the rheumatick old philosophers who loll about the clubs, waiting for the war editions of the *Globe*, said to me the other day, "Yes, I feel that we shall win, as we did at Waterloo. But I cannot help feeling that our young men of to-day have not got the same grit as had their grandsires a century ago." To which, of course (knowing just a few of our modern bucks), I replied with a sniff and the offer of a B. and S. For if there is anything that makes my blood boil it is the silly old buffer who thinks that we moderns cannot be as tough and as fit as the men of the (alleged) "good old times!" It is true we are not all like my dear old pal, Ossie Ames, of the First Life, whom I was so glad to welcome back at the Guards' Club the other day, full of his new feathers as a lieut.-colonel of a week; but men of six feet nine were not exactly common in the days of Wellington!

* * *

"Got Married and Settled Down!"

In our Charterhouse days I used to ride Ossie Ames pick-a-back fashion, although he was not much older than myself. But Ossie has been away from his regiment for some years—got married and settled down, I fancy. But he's mighty glad to be back now there is some fighting going, though whether they will risk having him at the front is perhaps a little doubtful. These huge men are not altogether an acquisition in the trenches; they draw more fire than they stop. And if you want mere buckishness, Ossie's family can provide that, too.



SHOOTING THE SPY.

"Like Chickens in a Country Lane!"

In all Britain you could not find a madder wight than Ossie's cousin, Lionel. Last time I saw Lionel, he was trying to shove a man through a shop-window in Swallow Street, Piccadilly way. Lionel used to be one of the champion road-hogs of England, but they have despoiled him of his licence for the next few months, though he may still be met with (or could be until the war) skirling around the fountain in Piccadilly Circus like a motor-automaton, or scattering the flappers at Oxford Circus of a Saturday afternoon as if they were chickens in a country lane! But Lionel Ames has a good heart, in spite of his quick temper.

* * *

Like Rain before the German Shells!

But if you are really concerned as to whether the spirit of the Englishman—I beg pardon, the Britisher—has degenerated during the past century, just look up your casualty lists for the last month. Take the peers, and the way their sons have gone down like rain before the German shells. They all represent old families, too. None of our Asquithians are represented in the crack regiments, which may be due to the regiments, and not to the Asquithians! True, Lord Cowdray has lost his wayward boy, the one that caused his fond mother so many tears in his day and generation. He died like a gentleman and a hero, though, in spite of his father's anger at his running off and marrying a comedy-girl just when he had got ennobled, and wanted to be the quintessence of old English respectability.

* * *

Passing of "The Flower."

Still, most of the peers represented in the casualty lists are of "the flower." Lord Ardee, son and heir of that gallant old noble Lord Meath, of Empire Day fame, lies in a Boulogne hospital seriously wounded. Viscount Crichton, heir to the Earl of Erne, and one of the best-looking men in Britain, and the sprightliest figure at all the tournaments and parades of the sporting, military, skating, and dancing fraternities in the London season, is also in the lists, with his brother-in-law, Lord Hugh Grosvenor; Lord Penrhyn's brother, Charlie Pennant, is killed; Lord O'Neill's son and heir is in a soldier's grave; the Earl of Dunraven's grandson and heir, Dicky Wyndham-Quin, lies wounded at Weymouth; his remote relation, Lord Leconfield's brother, is also dead; Lord Balfour of Burleigh has lost his eldest son; so has Lord Kinnaird; Lord Forester has lost his youngest boy; Lord Durham his popular brother, Francis Lambton; Lord Southampton his brother, Edward Fitz-Roy; Lord Lifford loses a nephew; Lord de Mauley his nephew, Captain Ponsonby, of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry; while Cyril Ponsonby, Lord Bessborough's second son, is amongst the wounded; Lord Lovat, of Lovat's Scouts, mourns a brother; and Lord St. Oswald is in mourning for an only and well-beloved son!

* * *

Another Scrap of Paper.

Lord Burnham loses his grandson; Lord Dunleath a second son; Lord Mowbray and Stourton a brother; and the Marquess of Tweeddale, who is seriously wounded, lost his brother, Lord Arthur Hay, in action six weeks ago. Lord Rosebery mourns a nephew; and Lord Saltoun has lost his third son, the Hon. Simon Fraser. By a tragic coincidence, both the Marquesses who lead the two parties in the Lords are in mourning for those very dear to them—Lord Lansdowne for his son, Lord Charles Nairne, and Lord Crewe for his daughter's husband, Captain the Hon. Arthur O'Neill, M.P. It will be criminal if our peace-makers forget Old England's losses when the degradation of Germany has to be placed upon a "scrap of paper!"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"BOBS."

Lord Roberts was happy in the manner of his death, if ever a soldier and a patriot was. If upon the stage we had seen the figure of a great soldier at eighty-two years of age, gloriously dying on the field of battle—although not, of course, in the firing line—after such a tremendous career as Lord Roberts has had, we should probably have pooh-poohed it as unreal and melodramatic. Yet here is such a scene right in front of us, grimly dramatic and terribly real in the very centre of the play of life, whose scenes constitute the greatest battlefields of history. And so Lord Roberts would have wished to die, of that we may be perfectly sure. For his whole career may be summed up in the fox-hunter's phrase: "In at the death." He was in at the death as a youth in the Indian Mutiny, when he won the Victoria Cross. He was in at the death right through the forty years of his life in India. He was in at the death in South Africa. He was in at the death when he was, with a truth that we know now to be so terrible, warning England of the great war that was coming, and of the necessity of being prepared for it. He was in at the death when, as Colonel-in-Chief of our gallant Indian troops at the front, he went to the scene of war to greet his well-loved dusky warriors. He was in at the death when, at the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, he fell asleep, within the sound of the guns, and left a name in the British Army and among the British people, unsurpassed in the quality of its greatness since the days of Clive and Wellington.

And when future historians come to reckon up the career of Lord Roberts, it is more than probable that they will describe his work during the closing years of his life as the greatest of all his achievements. It was the fashion before the war, in certain circles, to represent Lord Roberts as an old man in his dotage who was going about the country chattering about a decadent England and the necessity of compulsory service, when all the time it was the old Field-Marshal who was decadent and almost deserving of compulsory retirement from the active service of public life. How ridiculous such a view was, the blindest man can see to-day. Lord Roberts was behind the scenes. He knew what was going on. He knew that war was coming. And in that he told the public the truth—a truth that was known to all our leading men—instead of taking part in the traditional work of deceiving the public regarding foreign affairs, he will be entitled to rank in history as one of the most courageous men of his time, both on the battlefield and off it.

And I should like to say right here that perhaps on not one of our public questions is there so much erroneous nonsense talked as about Lord Roberts and his theory of preparation for war. The majority of the people who criticised Lord Roberts's gospel of preparation appears to be under the impression that the Field-Marshal advocated conscription, and wanted to turn England into a military country like Germany. But, as a matter of fact, he never advocated conscription at all, and disliked nothing so much as the barest possibility of England ever becoming attached to the military idea, as it is conceived in Germany. We are so little of a military nation that vast numbers of our people don't know what the word conscription means. It is an altogether different thing from the compulsory training that Lord Roberts advocated. Conscription—roughly speaking—means compulsory soldiering at home or abroad for everybody of military age. That is, three years with the colours and liable to be called up at any moment afterwards. The compulsory training that Lord Roberts advocated was a very different thing from that. It was—roughly speaking—to compel every young man to undergo a year or two of military training, and then to leave it to the individual to volunteer or not for service abroad in time of war. How moderate, and yet efficacious, such a measure would have been, even a child can see to-day. And how—owing to the way in which we neglected Lord Roberts's advice—we have perhaps paved the way for a big measure of real conscription in the future, it is not necessary to discuss to-day.

Lord Roberts was undoubtedly a great soldier, so far as his opportunities went. But the military critic of the future will perhaps say that he was never called upon to be tested at the highest pressure of a soldier's capacity. I mean in the sense that Sir John French is being tested to-day, and as Napoleon was tested a hundred years ago. Whether Lord Roberts, therefore, was a man who could have passed the test of generalship in a great European war, nobody can tell. After all, his greatest feat was the march to Kandahar, and the march to Kandahar, grand though it was, was very different from the sort of thing that is going on in France to-day. Lord Roberts did well in South Africa, but it is more than probable that the critic of the future will say that he might have been a good deal quicker about it, and that, as a matter of fact, Lord Kitchener did most of the work. But when we come to look as a whole at Lord Roberts's career, and particularly at his forty years in India, where he moulded and made the Indian Army in a very able manner, and excelled himself both in generalship and organisation, we must say that the Field-Marshal whose death we mourn was a soldier who is entitled to rank with the greatest soldiers of his own time.

Lord Roberts had a wonderful personality. His smile and his manner, even towards the humblest "Tommy" in the Army, were charming to a degree, yet always soldierly. He was, indeed, endowed with a portion of that magnetism of the gods which, when bestowed upon humans, exalts them high and dry above their fellow-men. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that because Lord Roberts was a man whom everybody loved, he was in any degree soft or sentimental. He could be as stern and unbending as even Lord Kitchener himself. It is true that he was a good-hearted disciplinarian, but he was a disciplinarian just the same. He had a great heart. But there was something terrible in him, when roused, that was worth going a long way to see. During the siege of Kimberley he sent orders to Colonel Kekewich to arrest Cecil Rhodes at once if he did not desist from the masterful interference with which he tried to rule the besieged town. That is a truthful illustration of the type of man Lord Roberts was. It is just as true as the famous picture of "Bobs," with a Boer child upon his knee, neglecting his immediate work as a soldier, is unutterably false, and a disgrace to those who palmed it off upon a credulous and sentimental nation.

Lord Roberts's love of his profession was really wonderful. It was a veritable passion with him. But not, let it be noted, a mere passion for fighting. Lord Roberts never had that. He had that intense passion for his country, that intense fear for the future welfare of his country, that can only be expressed in a willingness to fight and a willingness to die—which is quite a different thing. And if he had been able to persuade his countrymen to see the truth as he saw it, he would have died content. Perhaps in death his country may do for him what it refused to do in life. Perhaps as the dead body of the great soldier is carried through London we shall learn at last the lesson that he taught us—that only by the spirit that made England can England be saved.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

The kill-joys are protesting against the distribution to our troops of rum rations. Even Tommy does not call his bully beef such rude names as this.

* * *

There is said to be a severe lack of comedians in Germany. But they always have the inimitable Wilhelm and the Clown Prince.

* * *

The Germans have left a stain on the name of civilisation. So they are being French polished and japanned.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether young Lord Hastings' military servant is not very tired of chasing his Lordship about with his manifold set down in East Anglia, where his Lordship's regiment is in training?

* * *

Who was the pretty lady who appealed to the porter at Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox's club the other evening, saying she had heard Lord Bernard had been killed, and she could not rest until she knew the truth?

* * *

Whether, if this war keeps on much longer, the Dukes won't have to be started all over again?

* * *

Is it true that his Grace of Norfolk is shortly going to the front on the general staff, now that the Duchess has got over her *accouchement*?

* * *

Where will they put the statue of Lord Roberts, when it took three years to decide on the place for King Edward? And would it not be doing the right thing by Britain's greatest soldier if they gave him the site occupied by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus?

* * *

Whether it was not plucky of Mr. Edgar Jones, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, to have shown up that dirty whelp, Keir Hardie, in the Commons? And whether Merthyr Tydvil is proud of itself, now that the world knows that after reading Keir's seditious lies in his local rag it practically stopped recruiting?

* * *

Whether Sir Douglas Haig's pretty wife (the ex-Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen) could say how his promotion to full General on the field of battle was brought about?

* * *

Is it a fact that it was the spy, Lieut. Lody, who was shot recently, who gave away to the Germans the positions of our ill-fated cruisers, the *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue*? And why the Admiralty had the court cleared while that titbit of information was being elicited?

* * *

Whether there are to be any more "dashes" in the reports from the front?

* * *

Which of the noble war-widows has already arranged to marry her late husband's fellow-subaltern at Boulogne?

* * *

Why the Marlborough crowd were all absent from the memorial service to Lady Sarah Wilson's gallant husband? And where is Lady Sarah herself just now?

* * *

If Sir Herbert Tree may now be described as the Incorrigible Optimist of the theatre?

* * *

What about the German "towed" submarine that was or wasn't sunk off Harwich?

* * *

She: "Don't you think Mabel Green is very pretty? I wish I was half as good looking!"

He: "Oh, but you are."

Will Lord Curzon's "tip" to the Censor in the House of Lords, that news of victories will stimulate recruiting more than records of disaster, be taken to heart at the Press Bureau?

* * *

If it is true that Queen Wilhelmina's amiable Consort is "escorted" whenever he walks or drives abroad, on account of his notoriously pro-German sympathies?

* * *

If the French military forecast of a three years' war is calculated to cheer us up a bit? And if the American prophecy of "a speedy allied victory" is not more comforting?

* * *

Was the cashiering of officers wholly unconnected with the retreat from Mons?

* * *

Which two members of the Cabinet visited the *Daily Chronicle* office the other night, and why?

* * *

Will Mr. Mark Hambourg sue us if we venture to enquire why he is not fighting for Holy Russia?

* * *

Whether a few more route marches like that of the London Scottish last Saturday wouldn't be beneficial to recruiting?

* * *

If the scenes enacted in certain "pubs" at about 9.59 p.m. say much in favour of the earlier closing?

* * *

If Sir Walter Runciman is finding his present job more attractive than that of distributing prizes at young ladies' boarding-schools?

* * *

If two experienced work-girls are being kept busy at Devonshire House undoing and re-knitting large quantities of the woollen vests, etc., which are daily arriving from all parts of the kingdom?

* * *

If a good deal of trouble is afoot between certain leading ladies at the Empire, and if Mr. Alfred Butt is not at his wits' end to know how to settle the matter to the satisfaction of each party?

TABLOID TOPICS.

The German soldier's goose-step has now a competitor in the Turkey-trot.

* * *

The Russians have taken Lyck. The Germans will shortly take a lycking.

* * *

If you want your goods removed, send for C.P.—Carter Paterson or Crown Prince.

* *

The puffs of a new book by a war correspondent state that it "reads like fiction." Well?

* * *

There is no truth in the report that the Crown Prince has instituted a new decoration to be called the Steal Cross.

* * *

There has been a good deal in the newspapers lately about "breaking off relations." Our relations were all broke long ago.

* * *

The statements of German writers are not without humour. The latest is that "no criminals are allowed in the German army."

* * *

Several schools in Berlin have removed the notice "English Taught," and substituted "American Taught." Just as if it were the same thing.

* * *

"There were no fighting nuts in the Græco-Roman period. They were all gladeye-haters." This from our precocious office-boy. He has been sent home, invalided.

* * *

There is almost a consensus of opinion in journalistic circles that the "slackers," in joining the colours, should feel the force of compulsion. A sort of preliminary Press gang.

* * *

The Kaiser recently prayed that the Bavarians might meet our Tommies but once, and now the King of Bavaria has conferred the Kaiser's iron cross on him. Thus they are quits.

* * *

The one thing left standing in a Belgium house when the Germans had finished Hunning it, was a gas-meter. A novel position for the machine. Gas-meters are accustomed to lying.

* * *

One of our staff remarks that, in spite of Sir Stanley Buckmaster's defence in the House of Commons, he is still convinced that there is a lot too much dashed nonsense about the Press Bureau.

* * *

It was stated in an action before Mr. Justice Bankes last week that the custom prevailed for lady barbers in London to provide tea for their clients. To us, they usually offer "Koko for the hair."

* * *

The British Army at Ypres, we learn, has suffered a three weeks' rain of shell, and has broken advancing waves of infantry. De Wet seems to be in Belgium. But our soldiers' spirits are not damped.

* * *

On the shell of one of a box of eggs consigned to a London firm was a message giving comforting news of English prisoners at Leeuwardt. This is an eggshellent way of informing their friends that they are bearing the yoke bravely.

* * *

The express service between Brussels and Berlin has been restored. But in view of what has happened to former time-tables, the German Government will doubtless dispense with one this time.

THE SINKING OF PARTY.

One of the most gratifying results of the present crisis is the complete union of all political parties, and the generous way in which both sides have agreed to sink their differences and present a united front to the world. How far that desirable result has been achieved may be gathered from the leading article which appeared in the *Daily Depress* of November 20th, as follows:—

"It is our pleasant duty to acknowledge that at a time like this there is no room for any bitterness or party strife. We can lay our hand on our heart and say with all sincerity that whatever the Government may think fit to do in the administration of public affairs will have our hearty support.

"But in the interest of the people there are one or two points to which we would draw attention, not in any carping, critical mood, but with the firm conviction that some warning voice is necessary to prevent our being hurled headlong to ruin by the short-sighted policy of the incompetent Liberal officials, who cannot, or will not, see that the German spy system in England is undermining the foundations of national safety. The Cabinet frankly confesses that it is nobody's business to investigate the matter. As might have been expected, the placid Mr. McKenna goes on his own sweet unconcerned way, aided and abetted by his inert colleagues, who are either too indifferent or too busily engaged upon insignificant trifles to stir themselves in this all-important matter.

"Had the people listened to the warnings that have been dinned into their ears year after year by the party that is truly patriotic, we should by now have been rid of the canker of espionage in our midst, and should, moreover, have had an efficient Army, and a Navy five times the size of that of Germany. But the suicidal peace-at-any-price little-Navyites paid no heed to the clarion note of Mr. Arnold White and his supporters, and now, thanks to the cocoa-fed puppets who pull the strings in the council of the nations, we find ourselves at the eleventh hour carrying out what has been during the last fifteen years the programme of those who truly know how to think Imperially.

"We do not wish to embarrass the Government by too free speaking in these matters—this is not the time to make capital out of a party's weakness—but we would remind the country for present consideration and future guidance that there were those (we forbear to mention names) who foresaw all that has happened, and who, had it been in their power to do so, would have carried out measures that would have made us, by our own unaided efforts, masters on land as well as mistress of the seas."

John Carlton.

BUCK UP, LONDON!

The other day I came across some recruiting statistics calculated to give a severe shock to complacent Londoners (headed by a section of the Press), who are congratulating themselves how splendidly London has "given a lead" to the country in general. Well, on the basis of the figures (which are quite reliable), London—reckoning its population at 4,500,000, that is to say, not "Greater London"—which had then enlisted 120,000 men, should, to equal Birmingham's record, have supplied 450,000; to equal Liverpool, 300,000; and to equal Manchester, 225,000. Indeed, the only large towns which haven't beaten London into a cocked hat are Leeds, where woollen operatives are of more service to the nation in the mills than in the firing line, and Plymouth, where the Navy has the prior call upon local patriotism. Buck up, London!

INVASION ?—NOT LIKELY!

A FIRST NIGHT.

"Bye-bye!"

"Mind and pull the Kaiser's moustache."

"And loot, loot, loot! Pinch anything you can lay hands on," said a Scots opportunist.

We all said we would.

Would the train never start? Everyone began to feel fatuously stupid, and the parting was as painful as a dental operation. But at last we were off.

I was dozing beautifully when the train again pulled up—where, I know not. A soldier entered.

"Sorry to wike you, mitey," 'e said. (It's infectious.)

"It's all right," said I; and we talked.

"Yes, I'm just goin' 'ome from Durham Infirmary."

"Were you wounded?"

"I bleedin' well was."

"Where?"

I meant him to mention the locality geographically, but with a skill born of extensive practice he pulled his trousers open, and showed me that he was bandaged from waist to thigh.

"Phew!"

"I got it right from 'ere to 'ere—the blighter twisted 'is bay'net."

"I hope you managed to give 'im as good as you got?"

"'E's dead," said the soldier, indignantly. . . . .

"I don't like these bleedin' fags," he continued, graciously accepting one; "give me a Woodbine, ev'ry time. . . . Any cigarette cards? No? They're for the kid."

I'd have given half a dollar to have been more plebeian as regards cigarettes.

At the next stop, entered a plump dame with her husband and family. She seated herself beside the soldier, surveying him.

"I'm go'n' dahn t' see my laad, I am—'e's at Colchester. Eh, but 'e's a good laad, is my boy." And everyone spoke of war.

"Go back? Not if I can 'elp it," said the soldier. "I tell you it was 'ell—with the lid off. Anyone wot says 'e wants to go back over yonder's a bleedin' liar. I tell you it's 'ell."

"You know Tiddley Jacks, the grocer's son—'im wot married 'Liza Green? 'E's dahn f'r a V.C."

"I 'spects 'cause a bleedin' gen'ral 'appened to be lookin' on," grumbled the soldier.

But in London we left them, and I dragged along my crowd of a dozen to show them Piccadilly Circus. They didn't like it. Said a country Scotsman, open-mouthed, as a pretty girl passed, showing five inches of stocking through a slit skirt, "If my grannie could see that!"

Then we entrained for a place past Aldershot that shall be nameless. The stationmaster said it was "the last place God made." You should hear what we call it.

At camp: "Beds?" said the quarter-master; "no, there ain't no bleedin' beds, nor yet no adjectived pillows. W'ere d'ye think this is? The 'Otel Ritz? 'Ere's three blankets each, and be d——d to you!"

So that night we slept on the floor of a half-finished hut. I had never dreamed I possessed so many uncomfortable angularities.

"Good-night, all!"

An hour passed.

"I think," said someone laboriously, "I'll go for a walk to rest myself," and this was the signal for sympathetic groans.

"Jolly good blankets, these, all the same."

"Yes; but a damned solid mattress!"

Then the grumbling commenced, to be checked by a Spartan patriot.

"Now, boys," he said, "is this the way to Berlin?"

There was a general chorus: "Yes!"

"Then that's all right." Eric de Banzie.

BRAINS v. BRAG.

The three-hours' armistice, to arrange for the exchange of prisoners, was agreed to, and the English commander cantered up to the German field-headquarters under a flag of truce, dismounted from his charger, handed the reins to an Uhlan orderly, and strode into the marquee. He had met his present foeman in the piping times of peace, and had then supposed him to be a gentleman; but he had since, like many others, been forced to the conclusion that war is extremely bad for the manners of War-Lords. He was, however, a public school man; his early training and twenty years of life and travel had taught him to move with imperturbable temper through a world in which the society is very mixed.

The pair exchanged formal bows, and the Teuton straightway began to drop the following pearls of wisdom and courtesy:—

"It surprises me much, General, that you English hadn't the ordinary sense to keep out of this business. You look well, it is true, sheltering behind your bloated Navy, but it was an evil day when you landed your contemptible little Army in France. We walked over you at Mons, and we shall continue to do so whenever we meet you. Our Admirals tell us that you still keep up a pretence of efficiency at sea, but it is off Kiel and Wilhelmshaven that the Nelsons of the future will no doubt hoist their flags. Sailors you may have been once—soldiers you never were, and never will be. Even your mendacious historians cannot hide the fact that our Blücher won Waterloo for you. Soldiers? Pshaw! Why, any one of my magnificent Prussians is worth three of your spindle-shanked Highlanders!"

The English commander possessed, as has been hinted, the art of treating pigs and heroes with equal politeness. He was also fortunate in a most convenient mother-wit, which is evident from his reply to the War-Lord:—

"Far be it from me, General, to question the truth of your remarks, or to suggest that your deeds will in any wise fall short of your words. I therefore request you, on your honour as an officer of His Imperial Majesty's Army, to release me *three* Highlanders for every Prussian captured by my troops in the last week's fighting!"

Gilbert Henry Collins.

The War Office have done well in granting commissions to 438 non-coms., mostly sergeant-majors and other higher grades, but I am told by the colonel in charge of the London depôt of a distinguished line regiment that there is some irritation among experienced officers that the thing has been done so incompletely. Their contention is that many of the promoted men—well-educated men of lengthy service and highly efficient—should have been made captains and not merely second-lieutenants. Officers are proud to welcome these recruits from the ranks, and it appears to them that if the newcomers are to have commissions at all it should be commissions commensurate with their abilities. As it is, the new officers are often juniors to youths with a mere fraction of their military knowledge and experience.

The Boer rebels who were routed near Warmbaths appear to have dropped into hot water.

* * *

Germany is reported to be very hard up for copper and other metals. What they lack most of all, however, is the mettle known as "British."

* * *

Mr. F. E. Smith, "eye-witness" with the Indian troops, has just sent home a two-column dispatch. So he can evidently patch up columns with the same facility that he can cut them down.

ROUGE AND RUFFLES.

The Passing of the Powder Puff.

It is the little things of life that make one realise the big ones. Take myself for instance. I was never so conscious of the war as I was yesterday, when it threatened my powder-puff. I went into a shop to buy a new one, and was informed by the polite young man who served me that I should have to pay exactly twice the usual price for this little scrap of swansdown. "The war, I suppose?" I asked sarcastically, and was informed I had guessed correctly. Nine-tenths of our powder-puffs—think of that, all you who powder, and even those of you who don't can easily turn it into an economical paragraph—are manufactured in Austria. When I not unnaturally inquired why we shouldn't make them over here, the polite young man informed me it could be done easily, only English people wouldn't pay for them. English powder-puffs, it seems, cost more than foreign ones, for the simple reason that the price of labour over here is higher than on the Continent. "We couldn't possibly manufacture them for the money," the polite young man said, shaking his head over the passing of the sixpenny powder-puff. I regretfully paid one and threepence for a microscopic one, "Made in Austria," and went away lamenting the sad fact that not only our food, but our powder-puffs, are likely to cost us more. Seriously speaking though, here's a chance for a capitalist. A corner in powder-puffs. How's that for a diamond declaration, not to mention all the hearts he would capture as well? War or no war, girls must have powder-puffs. Don't tell me they can do without them. Why, the powder-puff is as primeval as the first woman. Eve probably used a dandelion ball.

* * *

The P.C.'s P.P.C.

Lord Kitchener is a very clever man—even his enemies admit that, but he doesn't know women—that's very clear. A soldier's wife isn't a soldier. Kitchener seems to think she is, though. He must, or else he would never have put her under police supervision. With all due respect to the authorities, Mrs. Atkins has a full right to her husband's money, whatever she does, unless the husband objects. Mrs. Atkins hasn't married the War Office so far as I know. If she isn't a model of all the virtues I don't see why the War Office should try and strangle her in red tape, instead of leaving Tommy to deal with her when he comes home. The average soldier's wife is as good as any other kind of wife. I don't say she never makes a mistake—she wouldn't be a woman if she didn't—but you can't blame her for being loudly delighted now that Kitchener has withdrawn his drastic order and ordered all the P.C.'s to leave their P.P.C. cards upon her and all the other Mrs. Atkins. I have always had an immense admiration for Lord K. of K., but I can't help thinking it's a pity he isn't married. He wouldn't fall quite so wide of the range then when it came to dealing with women. You mustn't tell a woman not to do a thing if you really don't want her to do it. Every married man knows that.

* * *

Keep Moving.

A pretty girl of my acquaintance was awfully upset the other day because her prospective mother-in law had told her it was positively wicked to go to the theatre while "poor dear Alfie was at the front." "I only went," she confided to me tearfully, "to stop myself from thinking." Personally, I think one ought to keep going as long as one decently can, because it helps others to keep going, too. The world must go on in spite of agonies and wars. So that I don't see where the true patriotism comes in in shutting oneself away from the world and sending out for a late edition. Far better to live normally and do one's little best to keep the flag flying financially as well as Imperially. I don't ask you to do as the girl in the fairy-tale did and dance over graves, but, honestly, I have never believed in the "retirement from the world" business. Socks are all very well. Indirectly they provide for a good many people, but life can't be all Socrates and hemlock. Let's try a little glass of champagne occasionally. I am sure the Allies would sooner be toasted in "fizz" than in fizzle.

* * *

Authority in Petticoats.

I came home in the 'bus to-day with a very fierce-looking woman in blue, with the letters W.P.V. on her arm and the manniest kind of bowler hat upon her head. She was one of the new police-women, I suppose, we have recently been reading about. I don't quite know what their duties are, but I hope I never get "run in" by one of them. I have no opinion of "womanly" kindness or charitableness where another of her own sex is concerned. Authority in petticoats will never be recognised by woman. It may please her to pooh-pooh Adam's efforts, and say how much better she could do the job herself, but you can take it from me there isn't a woman living who wouldn't sooner take orders from a boot-black than from a Cleopatra or an Egeria. I don't know, I'm sure, whether it is because we retain a proprietorial interest in him on account of the missing rib, or what. Anyway, the fact remains. And you can't get over facts, especially when they're feminine ones.

Louise Heilgers.

Alby: "If we go on getting out like this, old fellar, we'll have to risk it and become Special Constables."

BY THE WAY.

A very leading journalist has been giving me his views on a topic which assuredly does "give furiously to think." He is lately back from the front (or as near "the front" as he was allowed to get), and he told me that he thinks the allied leaders have made a tactical blunder in not permitting, at all events, journalists from the United States to accompany the headquarters. "You have no idea," he added, "of the wonderful facilities which the Kaiser and the German General Staff are artful enough to grant to the representatives of leading New York papers. These gentlemen are accorded not only every reasonable facility, but the arrangements for their personal comfort are on a scale, I may say, almost of luxury."

* * *

What of the Christmas book in war-time? I have sampled the views of an eminent publisher, who opines that it will be the "rummiest" Festive Season that the trade has experienced for many a long day. "How long before we are back to the normal, who shall say?" he queried. "It is obvious that the ordinary toy-book will this Christmas be a war-book, so that our babes and sucklings are by way of being brought up on a Peace and Goodwill diet of Down with Germany!"

* * *

Captain Drury-Lowe, commander of the *Chatham*, which settled the hash of the *Konigsberg*, has a spice of the fighting spirit of that fiery veteran, Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe, of Zulu and Tel-el-Kebir fame, who received the surrender of Arabi at Cairo in '82. When he had the Aldershot command in the 'nineties, Sir Drury was very keen for the comfort of his men. He once said that "if the Almighty arrived while the troops were getting their dinners, the guard shouldn't turn out to receive Him."

* * *

A New York friend reminds me that the war has caused last week's tercentenary of that city's commercial foundation to pass unnoticed among "you Britishers." "What did *you* do to celebrate it, anyway?" I asked. "Oh, we had some cocktails and things," he vaguely replied. He added that though 1614 was technically the year when New York "started," it owed most to the enterprise of Colonel Thomas Dongan, Governor of the "Duke of York's Province," in 1682.

* * *

Don't fail to buy at least one of the national Christmas cards produced by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Fund. They are exceedingly good value at sixpence each in any case, and thus you will be doing both yourself and the fund a good turn by buying a few—and, in addition, you will please your friends who receive them, especially those who are away in far-off lands. The cards will be on sale everywhere on the 25th inst.

* * *

A number of solicitors who had decided to prepare to defend their hearth and home were being taught some elementary military tactics. They formed fours, right about turned, and performed a left-wheel. Suddenly the sergeant called out "Charge!" There was a momentary pause, and then the men replied in chorus, "Six and eightpence, please!"

* * *

There's been terrible trouble at the Press Bureau, which has now emigrated to the United Services Institution in Whitehall. It appears that while the officials enter the sacred precincts by the front door, the gentlemen of the Press are forced to use a back door. This caused not a little heart-burning, and, incidentally, so it is said, a boxing display. Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the new chief who succeeded Galloper Smith, has set himself to cope with the problem. It seems, however, that the reporters will be included in the category of tradesmen as long as the war lasts. F. E. Smith, by the bye, has emigrated to the Continent, where he is acting as the official "eye-witness" with the Indian Army.

* * *

The disclosures in the case of the hairdresser who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey show that the authorities have been well aware of the machinations of the German Secret Service in England during the last few years. Our knowledge is due entirely to the activity of our own "Special" or Political Branch of Scotland Yard. We are said to spend £500,000 a year on watching the spies and anarchists who visit our shores. Superintendent Quinn is in charge of the Special Branch, and he is one of the cleverest detectives in Europe. He looks like a doctor, speaks like an ambassador, and appears to have eyes all over his head. It is he who is charged with the safety of the kings and queens who visit us, and he wears a gold tiepin presented to him by Edward VII. The Special Branch is a very wideawake organisation, and about a year ago was engaged in enquiring into a plot to assassinate Lord Kitchener, which was hatched by some fanatical young Egyptians in an Oxford College. Needless to say, the "plot" never progressed further than the embryo stage.

* * *

I have been glancing over the names of the handful of noted Englishmen—among others—now engaged in quelling the pro-German rebellion at the Cape, and wondering if I should, by any chance, happen upon that of Colonel Sir David Harris, who distinguished

Villager (recounting matrimonial woes): "I tell 'ee wot it is, Jan, 'er's gettin' zummat orful. I wish I was twenty years younger, I do. I'd be off to the war and 'ave a bit of peace."

himself in no little measure as colonel of the Kimberley forces during the South African war. Sir David, as perhaps you are aware, is a Jew and a millionaire, and one of the best known owners of diamond mines in the colony; he is also the man who hung from a window ledge for three nerve-racking hours during the Carlton fire which occurred some four years back. From the latter painful experience he emerged with only very slight injuries, in addition to the loss of a number of valuable medals and a quantity of luggage.

* * *

Talking of "luggage" reminds me of an amusing story which Sir David told me at a dinner party during his last stay in London. Many years ago, when the great Kimberley mines were still in their infancy, and the Kafirs were busily engaged in opening up the rock with the aid of dynamite, Sir David—then plain "Dave"—was suddenly called on a hasty visit to Europe. Not liking to leave a quantity of the explosive to the meddlesome care of the "boys," and having no time to make other arrangements for its safe custody, he, in sheer desperation, decided to carry it back with him in ordinary travelling trunks. From London he found it necessary to proceed to Paris, and once more the trunks went with him. Arrived at Calais, he was questioned in the usual way as to whether he had anything to "declare." "Oh, only a couple of trunks of dynamite," he replied. The Customs officer glanced significantly at a comrade near by and winked. "Another mad Englishman!" was his laconic comment as he slowly and deliberately marked a big chalk cross on the top of the trunks. And the latter—containing enough explosive to blow up St. Paul's Cathedral and Buckingham Palace all in one—reposed serenely beneath his bed at the Hotel Bristol for more than a fortnight.

* * *

None of the many notices of the death of my friend, the late Mr. Cecil Raleigh, appear to have made mention of the very large part he played a few years ago—when chairman of the Council of the Actors' Association—in the constitution of that excellent Government measure which has made compulsory for all time the registration and licensing of theatrical and variety agents. I had the privilege of attending at the House of Commons with Mr. Raleigh, and supplying much evidence used in connection with the passing of the Bill, and I know that he devoted weeks of his valuable time to the whole campaign.

* * *

The late playwright was full of interesting reminiscences concerning the production of his Drury Lane successes. Only a few months ago, when I saw him at Folkestone, he recalled an extraordinary unrehearsed effect which occurred at Drury Lane Theatre during the first week of "The White Heather." The incident happened in the famous scene where the two divers fight under water. One night something went wrong, for "Dick Beech" descended minus his helmet! But the scene was so thrillingly acted that there was not a laugh from the audience, not even when a moment later the helmet gradually descended and fitted over Dick's head. The actor, with rare presence of mind, buckled on the helmet as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and went on with the play.

* * *

Readers will be interested to hear that Miss Louise Heilgers is about to publish through the Dryden Press, of 10, Essex Street, a further volume of her short stories under the title "Rose and Grey." The quality of Miss Heilgers' work you all know, and in these hard times for authors (except war "experts") I hope you will remember to save a shilling for a copy of her book. THE LOITERER.

"Why, Tillie, what are you making such faces for?"
"I'm gettin' ready to go over an' tell Nellie Smith what I think of her."

A war correspondent refers to the Kaiser as "the new Mahdi." Most of us have been calling him the Mad D. for quite a long time.

* * *

A contemporary discusses whether Ostend means West end or East end. The Germans are beginning to think it means Lost end.

* * *

Revivals are booming in the theatrical world, but many managers would be content with survivals.

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IN STAGELAND.

I had known the late Cecil Raleigh since 1897, when I wrote a series of "chats" with playwrights for *To-Day*, then edited by J. K. Jerome. If Mr. Raleigh did not write with much distinction, he had at least the knack of turning out by the yard the kind of stuff that Drury Lane audiences revel in. He was intensely human, too, and in his time he had written dramas in conjunction with the late Henry Pettitt, the late Robert Buchanan, with George R. Sims, and others.

One is always glad to know of good fortune well deserved. It has come the way of Hartley Manners, author of the Comedy Theatre success, "Peg o' My Heart." Fourteen years ago he submitted a play to Sir G. Alexander, and though he received it back, G. A. encouraged him to persevere. He *has* persevered, with the result that he has now got a comedy accepted for early production at the St. James's.

A second look at the "Milestones" revival" convinces me that Dennis Eadie is, with the obvious exception of Gerald du Maurier, about the most natural actor we have. Nearly every member of the company supporting him is successful in reproducing the contrasted "atmospheres" of 1860, 1885, and 1912. And I need scarcely remind you that Arnold Bennett and Knoblauch's delightful play literally teems with references that may be taken to heart by all in a time of national crisis and tension like this.

Inspired by the success in U.S.A. of his "Mary Goes First" and "The Goal," Henry Arthur Jones is now rehearsing a new and strongly emotional play, with the title "The Lie." The names of the company to interpret it include the well-known ones of Aubrey Smith, Alfred Bishop, G. W. Anson, and Margaret Illington.

Sir Herbert's own share in his superb revival of "Henry the Fourth" makes one wonder whether his Falstaff is best in this or in "The Merry Wives." It is a simply supreme assumption. The wonderful inflections of voice, the extraordinary disguise, in which he produces great girth at the expense of his great height—Sir Herbert, as you know, is one of the tallest of men—and his exquisitely funny touches in presenting this life-like portrait of the Fat Knight, are an honour and a distinction to our stage for all time.

The Hippodrome's new revue, "Business as Usual," is, I think, likely to cause the manager of that commodious theatre to rub his hands gleefully for months to come, as he declares "Business as usual—excellent." It is intensely patriotic without being jingoistic or marred by maudlin sentiment—and, mark you, it is extremely difficult to produce a revue which is warlike throughout without getting over the mark somewhere. This Mr. de Courville and Mr. "F. W. Mark" have skilfully avoided. The revue stamped itself as a success on the first night with its first beautiful scene, A Harvest Field in France, for which the painter is entitled to congratulations, and with the appearance of sprightly Miss Unity More, with her charming song, "The Arms of the Army for Me!" Then Henri Leoni's Angelus song, artistically rendered and splendidly supported, made assurance doubly sure.

Other gems later on were the capital "marriage" duet, a burlesque of the erstwhile prevalent American "comedy duo," between Violet Loraine and Ambrose Thorne, which is the best thing the lady has ever done. Morris Harvey's special constable "business," Harry Tate's scene depicting a Tooting Bec resident who is expecting a German invasion (though it was scarcely Harry Tate at his best), and the final scene, "The Allies' Levee" and "Heroes of the War," with its exceedingly bright and effective dress scheme and pretty chorus ladies. (But, please, Miss Loraine, don't pronounce the "h" in Botha!).

The music throughout is bright and tuneful, and every song is good. For this, I understand, by the way, Mr. Herman Darewski is mainly responsible, although Mr. "Jimmie" Glover *did* capture all the limelight on Monday. Of the dresses, it is enough to say that they are up to Hippodrome standard. But the success of the show is undoubtedly Unity More.

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* * *

Professor: "If you were called in a case where a man had fallen head foremost down a fifty-foot mining shaft, what would you advise?"

Medical Student: "I should advise his friend to fill up the hole and save funeral expenses."

* * *

Artist: "Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?"

Porter: "Yes, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much."

Artist: "What did they say?"

Porter: "Oh, they didn't say nothing, but they laughed that 'earty."

* * *

Military messages—as they would have read had there been censors in those days:—

By J. Cæsar: "I came; I saw; and I made satisfactory progress on both flanks."

By Commodore Perry: "We have met the enemy, and there is nothing of importance to report."

By N. Bonaparte: "Beyond the———lies———" (Names of localties slashed by censor.)

By Alexander the Great: "Oh, for some other worlds in which to gain slight advantages!" (Business of sighing.)

By Cato: "——— must be destroyed."

* * * —*Puck.*

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